California GARDEN

FORTY-NINTH YEAR **SUMMER 1958** VOLUME 49 NO. 2

New Zealand Christmas Tree (see page 29) La Jolla Cove Park Photograph by George E. Lindsay

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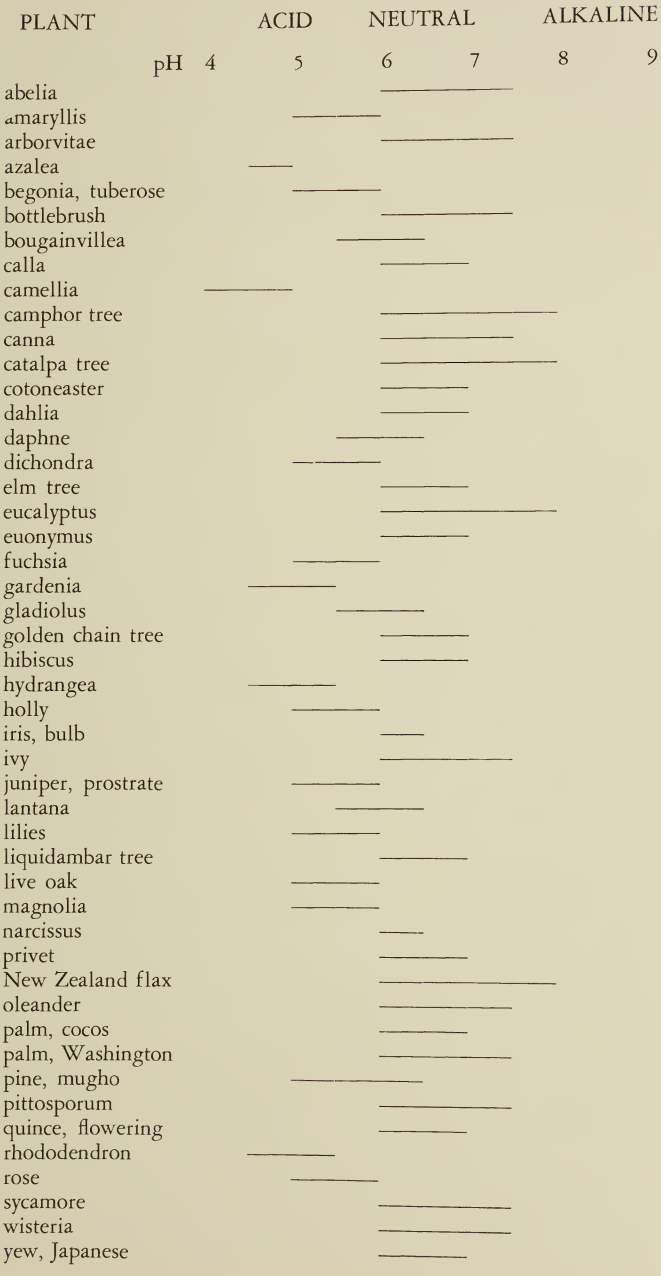
PUBLISHED BY
SAN DIEGO FLORAL ASSOCIATION, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

CHECK LIST

Showing

Best soil pH for various plants and trees.



EDITORIAL BOUQUETS

At the end of the S.D.F.A. year, it is a pleasure to think on the two years that Jean Kenneally has given to its presidency. She has built more good fences than the big one of grapestakes, that surrounds the new Garden Center.

With few exceptions, she kept open house in the Floral Building each Tuesday. Over a bowl of roses and a cup of tea, she has conferred with many representatives from the fourteen other floral groups that share the building, discussed and shaped important policies with officers and members of her own organization, answered horticultural queries on the telephone, and served as a gracious hostess to park visitors who dropped in to see us.

Each month Mrs. Kenneally was interviewed by Howard Keddy on his "Home on the Ranch" program, where she discussed flower shows, or other floral activities, in her quick easy way. She kept up our pleasant relations with the State Garden Club, giving active assistance at convention time.

Always Mrs. Kenneally worked for closer contact between gardeners and the community. The Outdoor Garden Fashion Show and the Little Mexican Flower Mart, in Old Town, during the Fiesta last year, illustrated this.

With her usual clear perception, our leader realized that the Garden Center we had been wanting for so long, was right around us. Since then, a real working center is under way.

A few months ago, Jean entered the editing field with a cheerful monthly newsletter to our members. Now, in addition to being an expert grower of roses, Jean Kenneally has proven to be a real specialist in the field of human relations, always with the happy faculty of seeming truly to enjoy everything she undertakes.

Jean Kenneally and her husband are both past presidents of the San Diego Rose Society. She writes the page on "What to do in the Pacific Southwest," for the American Rose Magazine.

Sub-Rosa—*Jean J. Kenneally*

Mrs. Joseph Kenneally, at the door of the San Diego Floral Building, was thanking two men for coming by. They confirmed an appointment for Monday and departed.

"I just love people who are proud of what they're doing. Those two young men, for instance, they know their work is important and they love it. One of them helped take down the Serra Palm in Old Town and he knew that he was sharing in the history of California when he did. I think that's wonderful. And our trees out here, they speak of them as though they were people."

Mrs. Kenneally has been president of the San Diego Floral Association for two years. Characteristically, she did her job with pride and love and directed the organization into new channels of activity.

The development of the garden center in back of the Floral Building will make a place for outdoor meetings of all garden groups and provide an ideal situation for the newly formed children's garden classes.

If gardeners permit classification, Mrs. Kenneally is known as a rose gardener or rosarian.

"We have about five or six hundred roses. It's outrageous! Ridiculous!"

Mr. Kenneally is a rosarian, too, which led immediately to the question why, of all the flowers, had they selected roses?

"Well, it was an antidote for war. Mr. Kenneally had been in the South Pacific for three years. He was recalled after retirement, and when he got home, he said he wanted to get as far away from war as he could. I had been working in an aircraft plant, and I was ready for some peace, too. So we decided to grow roses, that's all."

At that point, they already had 30 or 40 roses so it was obvious that the selection had been made at some prior time.

"Back in the middle west, at Schaller, Iowa, where I lived as a child, I remember one rose bush which grew on our place, General Jacqueminot. In the spring when it bloomed, dark-red and fragrant, it was beautiful.

"And there was a tiny, bright yellow rose, Harison's Yellow. Don't know if you could find it today. It was always in full bloom at Decoration Day and we used to decorate the graves with handfuls of Harison's Yellow and General Jacqueminot.

"On my tenth birthday, everybody gave me flowers. That was the most wonderful birthday. There was a little old man who had a garden and he brought me a bouquet. Right in the middle of it was the hundred petal rose, *Rosa centifolia.* It was so beautiful and so wonderfully sweet. Maybe that was when I decided I'd have to try to grow roses."

So in 1946 the Kenneally's began shaping the land at their Point Loma home toward a rose garden.

"We were at the bottom of the hill and all that good top soil had washed down and sat right on our property."

They dug out the sub-soil and replaced it with top, laid a thick layer of manure down and covered over. They put in paved walks and laid underground tiles for sub-soil watering.

"I think it's a more efficient use of water, and it doesn't spoil blooms or wash off spray as overhead watering does."

Then while the soil settled they studied catalogues.

"The whole summer long, we read and read and looked and looked and finally made our selections.

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"If you've grown a lot of roses, you can look at a photograph in a catalogue and know that that rose is not for you. You sense what the catalogue is saying and what it's not saying.

"It is always a good idea to look around in your area and see what is growing well there. There are climate changes in five mild belts paralleling the coast. This is a factor in your selection.

"The shape of the rose is a matter of personal taste. Some people prefer polyanthus: the cluster of small blooms. Some, the floribundas: a cross of polyanthus and hybrid tea roses, the cluster blooming rose with large flowers. However, I think the died-in-the-wool rosarian prefers the hybrid tea: it's perfection, a single rose. The newly developed grandiflora is a reverse cross from hybrid tea to floribunda which produces single hybrid tea-type blooms and large-flowered clustered blooms."

All of which could sound like "Peter Piper picked a peck," but not to Jean Kenneally.

"Roundelay is a grandiflora. A large dark red for good all around garden display."

In addition to this gross shape, there is the matter of the shape of the bloom itself.

"There are urn shapes, bud shapes, and globular shapes. I am partial to urn shapes. The globular shape doesn't do well on Point Loma. It doesn't open, it just forms a ball. It needs a lot of sun. Does well in Yuma.

"If you have a choice between two roses take the one with the thicker textured waxy leaf. Roses with thin tissue — papery leaves are roses to stay away from."

It is good to have certain technicalities made clear and in the matter of climbing roses this is the situation:

"A climbing rose is either a true climber or an exuberant strain. A true climber, for the most part, is developed from *Wichuraiana* breeding stock. Roses like New Dawn, Silver Moon, and Lady Banksia are true climbers.

"True climbers should be pruned right after blooming to remove the wood which has bloomed. That would be around the end of June. Climbing sports are treated like hybrid teas and are pruned in February."

The fact that some rose in Mrs. Kenneally's garden might prove to be unsatisfactory makes no problem. She gives it a chance, then finds someone in another rose climate who would like to try it. A rose that had not bloomed for her, when taken to Poway, burst into a most prolific bush.

As members of the American Rose Society and the San Diego Rose Society, the Kenneally's have opportunity to meet growers from many rose climates. They have met Sam McGready of Ireland who developed the rose, Mrs. Sam McGready; Harry Wheatcroft, England, famous collector and wholesaler of roses; and Francis Meilland, France, hybridizer of Peace. From Denmark, Poulsen, hybridizer of five polyanthus roses named for each of his five daughters.

At Howard's in Hemet, Lindquist is hybridizing roses. He, and others, offer to rosarians like the Kenneally's new hybrids to see how they will grow under conditions of good care.

"My roses go to the most surprising places. A sorority does a Mother's Tea each year and I supply the pink roses. Girls who were in my Campfire groups years ago, still come by for flowers. Children come in and ask to have one pinned on. Naturally, I do the neighbors' weddings and my sister keeps her Eastern Star meetings in Coronado decorated with roses. The roses need to be cut and it's fun to send them on.

"Never will I forget the day I looked out and saw two old ladies peering among the roses. I went out to greet them and one of them said rather firmly, 'Don't mind us. We come here every year'.

"A rose has a soul. I think there's a spiritual approach to gardening and if you don't have an affinity with what you're doing, you might as well stop.

"And my favorite rose? Mrs. Sam McGready! She's a subtle rose. She climbs, blooms most of the year, cuts well, holds her head up. She has a delightful orange tinge with a rich flush of pink in the bud stage . . . My heavens! I'm speaking of her as though she were people!"

by Janet H. Richards

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Don't Be Sorry Next Spring

Plant Orchid Cactus Now

The editor interviews Dr. J. W. Troxell

On a bright day in May, I called upon Dr. J. W. Troxell in his garden in the Kensington section of San Diego. Everything was in such fine fettle that it looked as if he had, as a retired physician, spent the same hours with his plants as with his patients—always on call. The fact that he is a rosarian and has been top man in the San Diego County Dahlia Society, was very evident in the sturdy growth of his select stock, but it was to see his real specialty, the orchid cactus, that I had come. There, in his shaded lathhouse, we made the rounds, enjoying the color and unique form of each bloom, and wondering why these plants are not found in every garden. When it developed that July is the time to start cuttings of these rewarding beauties, I thought a few of the things I learned in that lush garden might persuade others to grow Dr. Troxell's favorites. This is about the way he explained them to me.

"Epiphyllums, as these plants are correctly called, give a big percentage of dazzling flowers in return for a small investment in work. Their main requirement is some shade, not only as a background for their blooms, but as a protection against sunburn. Given this one condition, they will stand more neglect than any other plant. Their origination, as epiphytes in the jungles of Mexico, explains why they need air around the small root systems, which thrive on humus in the tree crotches. They soak up moisture during the rainy period, and store it for the dry season in their thick, fleshy

SHOW GIRL

Pink epiphyllum, 1951 introduction of Beahm Gardens

green stems, which are their substitute for leaves. They will adapt themselves to any situation, if airy and well-drained. Doesn't that sound made-to-order for an easy-going gardener?", asked Dr. Troxell persuasively. He went on:

"In the middle of the seventeenth century, Spain sent her famous naturalist, Hermandez, to Mexico, to scout for new plants. In 1651 he brought back an epiphyllum which was named Deutsche Kaiserin, and presented to the Empress of Germany. Often called "Empress," it is still a favorite. The first hybrid epiphyllum was made in 1830, followed by many others, until World War I slowed the production. Later it was stepped up again, in Germany, by Kurt Knebel. About thirty years ago, H. M. Wegener, of Los Angeles, gathered a fine collection and introduced new blood to cacti culture by using some of the related desert species as parents. Such brilliant colors resulted that epiphyllums can truly be called the jewels of the garden."

As we walked, the good doctor pointed to some of the hybrids we were discussing. He then took up their ways of growing.

"Roots of orchid cacti are very fine, so they require very little room, which is a great advantage. Many varieties start with a rounded stalk, which later becomes two or three-sided, or both, on the same plant. Some plants branch freely at the base, and may be tied and trained to stakes, if an upright plant is desired. They will glow very lush in the ground, should be confined, not over-watered and the tips should be nipped, if height is not the aim. All epiphyllums will droop if left alone, but for good hanging baskets, it is best to choose the smaller, bushy types. The scalloped edges and bright green color of the branches make them handsome plants even when out of flower.

"One of the easiest ways to grow epiphyllums is in a set of troughs about a foot from the top sides of the lathhouse, where they will not catch the drips from other plants. There they get light and air, are easy to water and feed, and will lean down to present their flowers at the best possible angles. Pruned and fed each year, they grow on indefinitely. They also do well in the pockets of palm trees, with some wire mesh to hold the humus. They are fine in containers

or baskets under trees, where they get the changing light, not deep shade."

After viewing the many ways he trains his plants, we came to some new cuttings. This brought up the subject of propagation.

"Cuttings are easy to root, but the procedure differs from that of most plants. To begin with, the biggest and strongest cuttings make the best plants, in shorter time. Young growth is apt to shrivel up. Place them on a cool bench in the shade for a week or more until the cuts heal over. They can stand a long waiting period."

Talking as he worked, Dr. Troxell gave these directions for potting.

"Prepare 4″ pots, or tin cans (which dry out less), with plenty of gravel or crocks in the bottom for drainage. Fill with a mixture of two parts coarse leafmold and one part garden soil. Ground fir bark is good too. The low point between the scallops on a branch is called an aereole. Insert the cutting in the soil deep enough to cover an aereole on each side. That is where the roots and new growth will start. Tie the upper end of the cutting to a stake to hold it firm. Do not water for a week, and then sparingly, until growth starts, usually about four weeks, if the weather is cool, longer, if it is warm."

After convincing me that epiphyllums are really easy to root, he went on, enthusiastically, to tell their exact culture.

"In June, July and August, feed established plants with Liquinox. Water often until cool weather, then only at long intervals. There should be a rest period until February, when bud growth begins. During flowering time plants can be top-dressed with old manure, or fed with liquid fertilizer, and given plenty of water after the buds are set. If repotting is necessary, it is best done a month after the bloom is over, never later than August, because the new fall growth needs to ripen, before flowering in the spring.

"Epiphyllums have few pests. Snails love them, so put out bait. There is scale sometimes and ants go after the honey in the flowers, so watch for aphis. Both can be controlled by a spray of half Isotox and half Malathion. There will be no rotting if the soil is porous. Don't worry when branches wither after blooming, most of them will recover, given time and plenty of water."

This I was glad to know as some of my orchid cacti look rather dried up just now.

In Dr. Troxell's lathhouse on Canterbury Drive, the walls are lined with espaliered specimens of orchid cacti, with hanging baskets overhead in the center. While epiphyllums can be neglected, his plants show the extra dividends that always come from good culture and good stock. Over and over he illustrated, with fine blooms, how foolish it is to waste time and space on any but the best named varieties. The flowers have everything to offer in the way of striking or pastel colors. Forms may be wide open, cupped, belled or funneled, all filled with the shimmering white stamen. The petal shapes also vary greatly.

As we came to a large sturdy epiphyllum, Dr. Troxell said emphatically:

"Everyone should have the so-called 'night-blooming cereus,' if only for the fun of watching the dramatic unfolding of its petals while sniffing its rich fragrance."

I felt privileged to see a hybrid Dr. Troxell had made, that is not yet in trade. The flower petals, a rich glowing red, funnel form, have fimbriated edges, a very rare trait in an epiphyllum. It should make plant history. He says that one of its parents was a hybrid of Dr. Poindexter's, who used a Peggy Williams epiphyllum in the cross. Mrs. Williams, who has a very fine epiphyllum nursery on Puterbaugh Street, has several excellent orchid cacti of her own on the market, Country Gardens and Bobby Robertson, to mention two. Lessar Nursery in Encinitas also carries epiphyllums.

LIST OF EPIPHYLLUMS FOR EXTENDED BLOOM

Those starred (*) provide off-season or all-season flowers.

Early—April 15 to May 7

***Deutsche Kaiserin** (Empress): Very old, compact, cascading type. Small pink blooms, very floriferous. Good basket.

***Ackermannii:** An old red favorite with medium blooms, good for corsages.

***Vive Rouge:** Another old-timer. Medium to large red, with sunburst petals.

Sun Goddess: Golden orange with ruby throat. Extra large flower.

***Argus:** Apricot pink, with ruby throat, medium. Good espalier.

Scheherazade: Large deep pink that turns to magenta the second day. Profuse bloomer.

***Betty Co-ed:** Small, clear, beautiful pink, rosette form. Fine basket, fairly new.

Mid-season—May 1 to May 21

Wm. de Laet: Dark red, medium size, funnel shape. Good in basket.

Marina Special: Giant wide open white with orange sepals. New.

Madonna: Large ruffled white, recurving outer petals.

Day in Spring: Large old-rose, cup and saucer shape.

Moonrise: Large white, petals tipped yellow, brown sepals. Cup and saucer shape, free flowering, fragrant.

Shasta: Large all-white, petals spiraled. Good corsage.

Marseillaise: Beautiful variegated flower, crimson to lavendar and white. Good bloomer. Fragrant. Ruffled plant stalks.

Conway's Giant: Old-timer. Large rich purple-red.

Late- season—May 15 to June 30

***Poinsettia:** Big clear red.

Hans Rehm: Wine-colored. Wavy stems. Good basket.

***Padre:** Old favorite, apt to bloom any time. Large deep pink. Good trellis.

Peacockii: Large scarlet to violet.

Pride of Bell: Georgeous new type. Three shades of rose-orchid. Petals fold back, stamens erect.

One in a Million: Large red with purplish center.

American Girl: Red, with orange center stripe.

Ballerina: Three-toned salmon pink, small flowers. Fast growing, free blooming. Fine basket.

Dardanella: Deep red with purplish center. Wavy flower, like hibiscus. Good basket and corsage.

A Book In The Hand

ADA MCLOUTH

The following new books have been received as additions to our San Diego Floral Association Library:

HAWAIIAN FLOWERS & FLOWERING TREES, by Loraine E. Kuck and Richard C. Tongg. First ed. Rutland, Vermont and Tokyo, Japan. *Charles E. Tuttle Co., 1958. $7.50.*

The authors are outstanding authorities on tropical flora. Their book is based on an earlier work of theirs with added material. The chapter on plant origins and distribution is admirably condensed. Of plant species found there, 94.4 per cent are endemic, the highest percentage of endemism found anywhere in the world.

More than 140 tropical and semi-tropical flowers, including trees and shrubs are shown with accompanying text on the same page. The paintings are clear-cut renditions in full color, on tinted backgrounds. The text offers a complete description, but no cultural information is given. Common name, botanical name, family and origin are listed.

This book is a delight to the Southern California gardener who sees in our parks and gardens so many of the plants described.

AMERICA'S GARDEN BOOK, by James and Louise Bush-Brown. New revised ed. New York, *Scribner's, 1958. $7.95.*

This 750-page tome is truly an encyclopedic reference book for American gardeners. Every phase of gardening is covered, including an unusual emphasis on landscape design; structures, as: patios and terraces, walls and fences, fountains, tool houses and lath houses, greenhouses; types of gardens, as: woodland, rock, herb gardens. There is a chapter on roses, and a chapter on lilies. The home fruit garden and vegetables have each a chapter. The illustrations make the book attractive to leaf through and conduce to browsing. In the appendix, or GARDENER'S MISCELLANY, are useful lists of show places, societies and schools. Department of Agriculture maps of climate zones are included and referred to in planting lists. An interesting feature is the attention given to undesirable trees, vines and ground covers, warning against invasion by such as ailanthus, various honeysuckles, and even wisteria.

In all, it is a typical Scribner production, worthy to stand with other reference books on their

lists, in editing, format, and coverage of the subject.

There is evidence of the authors' interest in West Coast gardens in the illustrations, especially those featuring outdoor living. However, California gardeners will still need their standard works on California fruit and flower culture and use of tropical plants. They will look in vain for reference to Boysenberries, Youngberries, citrus fruits, palms, Muscat grapes, Eucalyptus, to name just a few.

COLOR IN YOUR GARDEN, selected articles from Sunset Magazine. Menlo Park, California. *Lane Publishing Co., 1958. $1.50.*

Here we have another useful and stimulating book for the West Coast gardener. In its 80 pages are 162 photographs, of which 34 are in color, also many drawings.

Drawing on the splendid resources of Sunsets' splendid experimental gardens, the editors show, by lists and photographs, how to meet the challenge of our year-around growing and blooming season.

Ideas from private gardens are described and illustrated, showing the great variety of effects to be achieved, according to location or purpose of planting.

Making allowance for the variations between the Northwest and Southern California, we can be sure on one thing; the plant materials, structural features, landscape and climate, will all be familiar to us. Out of these elements, various combinations, in infinite variety, can be made to suit our whim and our convenience. This Sunset compilation brings together, in usable form, the experience of competent gardeners in the use of color.

BON VOYAGE TO A GOOD NURSERYMAN

ADA PERRY
Secretary, San Diego Chapter
California Association of Nurserymen

Walter Andersen is climaxing 30 years in the nursery business in San Diego, by taking his good looking wife, Birdie, and his tall, 17-year old son, Junior, to Europe with him.

Both Walter and his wife were born in this country, but the parents of both of them came from Denmark and met in the United States. So, on July 8, the Scandinavian Airlines will carry the Andersens to Copenhagen, Hamburg, the Flower Market at Amsterdam, the Brussels Fair, Paris and London. Then they will backtrack for a visit with relatives in Denmark. Back in Chicago, August 13, they will pick up a car and drive home.

Except for the last half dozen years, when he relaxed to see America first, and then Hawaii, Andersen's kept his nose to the nursery-can cutter all year around. His business has grown to a landscaping crew of around 20, and a sales personnel of eight, average. Many of his employees have been with him since he moved to his present location at 3860 Rosecrans, twenty years ago.

The European trip was delayed because of the Del Mar Fair, where he has been a faithful and successful exhibitor for many years. People have come to depend on his displays of lush plant material and spectacular garden designs. He won four firsts last year, and he's a big reason why your new, young nurseryman really gets in and humps himself when he enters that County Fair competition.

Walter's that best-yet combination, an experienced nurseryman with an open mind. Way last September he began selling dichondra in one by two foot slabs of turf, instead of tedious, tiresome and expensive flats. The cost was less and more lawns could be planted solid, with the grower doing all the mulching, weeding and nursing, so to speak. Walter's brother James did all the growing, and it was done well, according to the family's tradition.

This work with dichondra was far from lost on M. E. Salsberry, County Fair Superintendent, who keeps his mind on his job the year around. Last December he decided on dichondra to take the place of grass at the fair. On the night of June 26, 8000 square feet of turf were laid in time for the opening the next day. It took considerably more than one night and a lot of care-taking to grow that dichondra, since San Diego is one of the least favorable grass-growing areas you can find in lots of looking.

Besides introducing dichondra turf to his nursery line, Walter Andersen did his own packaging of lily and dahlia bulbs in pliofilm with a bit of humus-type peat, snapped up with a rubber band, and found they did very well. He tried it on waterlily roots with a dash of water. The roots got pretty gooey, but that is nothing new to a waterlily, of course. Some did decay, but others developed sturdy leaves, ready for transplanting. For this Walter has been carrying plastic dishpans, which his customers find clean, light and impervious to decay.

All in all, Walter Andersen's employees feel he fully deserves his trip abroad, and wish him the best time ever. (This sentiment is echoed by local garden clubs, who remember his special helpfulness and cooperation at Flower Show time.—Ed.)

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Leaves From An Observer's Notebook

MARION ALMY LIPPITT

Lying face down on the lawn I muttered to the devilgrass "Myself is wearisome."

"That devil should be exorcised at once," declared Henry with decision.

"How does one exorcise the devil? I've always wanted to know," I questioned, sitting up.

"A humble confession of one's guilt is very displeasing to the devil."

Henry's old-term phraseology was fascinating. Wanting to hear more I asked, "And what does that accomplish?"

"One finds oneself grounded in humility, filled with charity, and able to listen to divine whisperings."

I drew the long breath that Henry should have drawn, and threw myself back upon the lawn to look up into the grey-green, willow-like leaves of the olive tree.

We were sitting on the back terrace towards which the lawn slopes up gently. To the left is an old olive tree which, because of the preferential treatment, is particularly luxuriant. In the setting of a large two feet high brick circle, its gnarled and twisted trunk was unusually decorative. Just now on the edge of the circle pots of gorgeous pelargoniums in deep red, purple, and pink added exactly the right note of color. Scattered through the half-acre lawn the live oaks stood in cool pools of rich, dark shade. As I swung into the rhythm of the beauty about me, somehow all wearisomeness dropped away.

"Self-pity was very debilitating," remarked Henry, conscious of my change of expression from distress to content.

Not feeling in the least in the mood for a lecture, I laughed. Henry, quick to follow, laughed too as he watched me gaze into the olive tree.

"I'll wager I know what you are thinking about," he said. "You are thinking about the time the lost limousine, complete with chauffeur and two feminine occupants, wandered into our lane where I was raking about under the olive trees. A cultivated voice from the rear window of the car said, 'I've always wanted to eat a ripe olive just picked from the tree. May I have one from your tree?' " Henry's smile broadened into a grin at the remembrance. He continued, "I simply couldn't believe what I heard. I thought everyone in captivity knew the joke of a ripe olive from the tree."

Henry pulled his left ear with his right hand in a familiar gesture as he went on, "I know I shouldn't have, but the opportunity was too perfect. I picked two olives, dropped one into the outstretched hand of the occupant of the car, and waited with the second poised until she had finished the first. A shocked and disillusioned person cried out, 'Oh, it's bitter!' " Even now Henry looked apologetic as he said, "I tried to make amends by inviting the strangers in for tea, but they could not be enticed from their car, for which I did not much blame them after the olive treatment. They did accept a glass of water."

As usual, one reminiscence led to another. With a merry look Henry said, "When I saw the lady with pursed lips, I thought at once of the boy whose mother was attempting to break him of whistling. One day the boy came into the house from school with his lips puckered from eating an unripe persimmon. His mother saw the puckered lips and called out sharply, "Willy, don't you dare whistle!"

"W'istle 'ell! I 'ink I'm poi'oned!" blurted Willy.

Henry and I enjoyed the joke together.

Changing the subject abruptly I said, "If we were in Rhode Island now, the gay, variegated-colored phloxs would be in bloom along the stone wall at the entrance to the Farm."

Henry evidently detected a note of yearning in my voice. Again he headed me off decisively with, "Robert Frost wrote the all-time great about stone walls when he said in "Mending Wall":

"Something there is that
doesn't love a wall,
That sends the frozen-
ground-swell under it,
And spills the upper boulders in the sun;
And makes gaps even two
can pass abreast."

Here I interrupted, "I think Grandfather Almy did pretty nearly as well when he wrote of the Almy farms at Horse's Neck near New Bedford:

"And when I see
these stone walls

It's a beautiful ride
along the ocean to
"NATURE'S SHOW PLACE"
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The Early Bird

"Seems as if the folks who own my pine tree have forgotten me. They go in for a lot of pretty flowers that don't make any berries. They talk about 'picking up the lavendar note' of that Jacaranda tree, where I like to perch in winter, when it's all bare. I wouldn't give a fig for the fluffed-out bluish flowers they rave about, because I can't eat their pocketbook seeds, later.

On one side of the big rock, where I sometimes find a worm after a deep watering, there are big bunches of long narrow ribbon grasses, with solid purply heads of bloom that look good enough to eat. I heard them call it Lily turf which is easier to say than *Liriope muscari.* It reminds me of those pretty low clumps of flowers I used to see in the spring, back east. I remember that it has a few blue berries in the fall, but they are mighty poor pickin', mighty poor.

Over by the pool, where the gold fish are so tempting, little tender ones, that is, there's some tall hard-ribboned grasses, smaller than a New Zealand flax nearby, but on the same order. They have big sprays of scattered bright blue berries that look like they would make a good desert. They weren't any better than that old string of beads I found in the alley. Heard the lady say they were *Dianella laevis,* a prize to use in flower arrangements, whatever they are.

The one who lives in the little house brings everyone to rave about that Japanese iris growing out of the water. "Such beautiful form and fine violet color. Why don't we see more of them?" they ask. The expert smugly confides that the secret is to plant them in pots until sprouted, put them in the pool to bloom and die back, then take them out to dry off. Shucks, sounds like a lot of poppy-cock. I think it was nicer when the big red dragon fly sat on that long pointed bud all day, just darin' me to swoop, but I knew better. There's another "touch of lavender" on some middlin' tall sprays of flowers over in the sun, that sure had me fooled. Smelled exactly like apples when they were watered. Made me drool. Can't find any pippins around here. The missus had a name for them too, *Angelonia grandiflora*—which is more than a bird's beakful.

On a sunny bank, there is some nice-smelling stuff falling over the big planks, where I get a cutworm now and then. It has short green-needle leaves, and pale misty lilac flowers that make me wish for the waterfall they look like. Has a pretty name that sticks in my bird mind—creeping rosemary. There's a vine nearby, with clusters of purple-blue flowers and ferny leaves, that makes good-looking red berries, later on, but someway, they aren't so tasty. Seems it belongs to the potato family, name of *Solanum seaforthianum.* Ho-hum, they say they give handles like that to us birds too.

In the next yard they've gone in for white. "Looks so poetic around the pool in the moonlight," they murmur. Isn't that just ducky! Strange how these earthlings like to stay up after I've sung my best bed-time songs. Well old Mike Mocker can keep up with them through the night, without any cocktails. In the corner there's a big clump of Matilija poppies, with flouncy fried-egg flowers. I could do with some of those yokes, if they were real, but it's not a very pretty name, if you ask me, which you won't, of course. There's some tall and some low bushes, nice clean shiny green, with white star flowers that smell good. They are used around the edge of the lot because their sharp thorns keep the children and animals out. They don't hold me back. When the big red plums come, that's when I eat.

Come Autumn, I'll hop in again.

Where woodchucks
love to dwell
Then I know
That farming on this land
Must have been merry hell."

"Grandfather Almy was a colorful character all right," agreed Henry. "And I have always loved this further bit of his philosophy":

"Beneath the tombstones
on the hill
My forebears lie in State.
On each it reads
That every mother's son
Was over eighty-eight.
And as I sit beside the sea
With thoughts upon the past
I wonder
If by chance
I haven't lived too fast."

And yet again Henry and I enjoyed a joke together. We've found that enjoying jokes makes good cement for human relations.

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The New Zealand Christmas Tree

CHAUNCEY I. JERABEK
The San Diego Tree Man

Metrosideros tomentosa is of the Myrtle family. Its name means "heart of iron" so it is called ironwood, as well as "pohutukawa," a Maiori name. In San Diego it is generally referred to as the New Zealand Christmas Tree, because it is native to that area, where it blooms during their holiday season, instead of in summertime as here.

This tree is exceptionally attractive when covered with terminal cymes of brilliant scarlet blooms, mostly composed of flattened tufts of inch-and-a-half long stamens, similar to those of the Bottlebrush, which belongs to the same family. In San Diego, as well as other places along the Southern California coast, it starts to show color about the middle of May, and continues to sport its striking flowers for several months. If the foliage is too dense it will often hide the blooms. Prune to offset this disadvantage.

The foliage of *Metrosideros tomentosa,* close-coupled and cupped, presents felted gray backs, with smooth green uppers. When grown on level ground, great bunches of red fibrous rootlets, that never reach the ground, may often be seen hanging from the boughs. There is no known reason for this unusual feature.

As might be expected of a New Zealand tree, it prefers to be planted near the salty spray and fogs of the sea coast. In its native habitat, where it grows along the cliffs, it is common to see the roots of the tree much higher than the tips of the branches, which are bent down with their own weight until they almost brush the sand and surf.

It is natural for this tree to produce many trunks, which gives it a bushy appearance. For an outstanding specimen, prune the main stems to one, or not more than six. A tree with a single trunk is excellent for street planting. Several trunks are more picturesque in the garden. It does not grow too tall and will stand a slight frost. Give plenty of space and you will be rewarded with a handsome tree.

On November 8, 1939, Miss K. O. Session's eighty-second birthday, the La Jolla Garden Club honored her by planting a *Metrosideros tomentosa* in their city park near the Cove. Our cover picture shows how it looks today. They undoubtedly chose the New Zealand Christmas Tree because its picturesque, sea-loving character and gorgeous flower color made it a great favorite with Miss Sessions.

Some splendid specimens in La Jolla are: two northwest of the tennis courts in the grounds of the La Jolla Beach and tennis club; 7865 El Paso Grande; 338 Via del Norte; 3831-6040 Camino De La Costa; 471 Rosemont St.; 6485 Avenida Cresta; 5845 Beaumont Ave.; several good examples at 1997 Paseo Dorado.

Others in the same community are: 8205 Vallecito; N. E. Cor. El Paseo Grande and Calle Frescote; 1228 Park Row; 2606 Avenida Cresta; 6130 Vista De La Mesa; 6010-6210-6039-6215-6331 Camino De La Costa; 1370-1640 Torrey Pine Rd.; 5740 Dolphin St.. Those at 7857 Eads Ave., and 7300 Vista Del Mar are espaliered. Three are used in the parking strip at 304 Kolmar St., and as an informal hedge to the rear of the Children's Art Center.

In the Crown Point area of Pacific Beach there are two excellent trees at 3645 Bayonne and 3603 Promontory St. Other attractive trees at: 3621-3633 Riviera Dr.; S. E. cor. 3548-3622 Buena Vista; 3633 - 3615 - 3627 - 3621 Bayonne Dr.; 3651 Promontory St.; 3565-3622 Ingraham St., and 1203 Beryl St.

In San Diego there are excellent specimens at: 3104 State St.; and 4423 Conde Pl. Smaller ones at: 2419 Montclair St.; 2901 Dove St.; 2976 Chatsworth Blvd.; 3245 Browning St.; 3708 Kingsley St.; 1753 Lewis St.; 129 W. Palm, and three at 2246 Thirty-third St.

Of a number of these handsome trees in Balboa Park, the best is on the north side of the old Federal Bldg., to the left of the main entrance.

Across the bay, in Coronado, a few good specimens are at: 737 Guadalupe Ave.; S.E. cor. 640 Alameda Blvd.; one good bushy tree showing its top branches over the east fence of 514 First St.

It is hard to cover the whole of the city. I would be pleased to know of other worth-while trees that may have been overlooked.

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Garden Chores

ADA PERRY

Our Editor Clark, who is one of the persons who contributes to the personality of the City of San Diego (and that's pretty fine, you know, and don't go changing this, Mrs. C.), asked me to write about seeds as people are really going for the seed racks this year. But there aren't many seeds you can plant in June, July and August, so I think I'll improvise and maybe finish up with seeds. That will be nearer August, what with the time this article is taking me to write. In August, you can begin to plan on fall seeding with considerable integrity. I know the planting charts say you can sow corn, beans and squash as late as June, etc., and you go ahead and do it if you just must try it, or if you know your garden well enough to get away with it. I will pause to remark sourly that I have never gotten away with it myself, that I can remember. Have you ever noticed that as long as you feel good you don't mind hinting how far back you have to remember? It's a good argument for keeping in the best physical and mental health you can.

The real news, I guess, in the nursery business, is that another oxalis remedy for dichondra lawns is out. It also "remedies" that pecky annual bluegrass that comes up like fur and is good "fur" nothing. The commercial firm of Red Star is putting this stuff out. I started probing around with a somewhat out-of-practice garden columnist's nose and discovered that the patent is in process and there is no factual diagnosis of the stuff available. I kind of envy practical people who try a thing out to see what it does instead of asking what it is. According to Mr. Andrews of Butler's, there are already plenty of satisfied users in the La Jolla and El Cajon Blvd. area. The package warns against letting it come in contact with the roots of ornamental trees and shrubs and I sure thought a bad word when I saw it, even though I ought to know by this time that everything, but everything, has its qualifications. But Mr. Andrews said there had been no dissatisfied trees and shrubs reported yet, and that he thought that was one of those extra precautionary measures, and aren't we glad to have those, actually?

By the way, have you ever noticed that white filling between the needles of your Aleppo or Halepensis pine? Phoned the Department of Agriculture about it this spring and was told that this is a pest called "chermes" and they thought Blackleaf 40 was as good as anything to treat it with. That's not hard, and the pest certainly doesn't do the Aleppos any good.

We were chit-chatting about tomato plants one day and some one had heard that you shouldn't plant them near avocados as they are hosts of root fungus. This seemed bad. Then some one else said that a tomato plant could tell where there was a gas leak better than anything. This seemed good. Then the talk got into the subject of whether you can smoke around tomato plants and believe me the reports here were varied and colorful. I know one good husband and mighty smoker who claims his wife has to plant the tomatoes if they are going to grow. But I neglected to ask him whether planting tomatoes was a task he particularly disliked!

Anyway, the Burpee hybrid tomato is a big success this year, even if Mr. Burpee's white marigold sort of came to nothing. I know one La Jolla resident, drat him, who planted one last year and trained it against sun-warmed boards. He had tomatoes all last fall and the thing began producing this spring while store tomatoes were still 39c a pound. A lot of San Diegans have pet tomato plants and you can probably have one, too. The main things are warmth, good-to-fair drainage, and water by irrigation, timed as seldom as possible.

Oh, by the way, I want to plug briefly two commercial products—most of our economy is based on this type of thing. I used the Cooke Laboratory's Bug-N-Snail

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special powder this spring and found one sprinkle in each container plant a most delightful slayer of multitudes of snails; also, everybody who's tried Plantsmith's Spoonit fertilizer seems to find it excellent without the disadvantages of "gooing," characteristic of the old "Descanso" product. I am just getting wound up to try it myself and in the number of plants I've dragged home from the nursery, it will have scope, believe me.

You've heard of the "stranger in Paradise"? That's the way I feel about orchids. I do have two cymbidiums which I bought at Andersen's, where I work, and planted according to Carleton's shredded bark mix. And I've lost a Cattleya. This gives enough kinship, I suppose, to pry information from any customer I can peg down for a few minutes. Speaking of Cattleyas, there was this lovely young matron who said she and her husband had a couple of them stashed away under some Philoselloums on a southern exposure where they leave them the year around and they bloom regularly. This is outdoors. The Andersen's have had them bloom without artificial heat in the nursery under cloth. And then there was the man who said he gave his cymbidiums two feedings of blood and bone, one of my favorite fertilizers; the first in late fall and the second in December. He gives them liquid fish fertilizer the rest of the year. And there was the lady who was so careful in her selection of bedding plants and asked for detailed instructions for growing each kind. Then the subject of cymbidiums came up. Pouf! Those she grows with ease. They are her hobby. She tosses them off. But she likes them immaculate so she clips the old foliage and peels the bulbs, too.

My goodness, while I'm plugging other firms, I better add one for our Li'l Ol' local firm, San Diego Fertilizer Co. and it comes right from a greatly relieved back, you can be sure. They are putting out a one-cubic-foot sack of "Organo Humus" which is half steer and half sludge and is a terrific mulch. But the point is, if you are a female you can whisk one of those sacks around, or empty part of it into a pail without knocking yourself out and getting mad at gardening. You can add a little mulch before watering, if you want to, without making a major project out of the thing, and taking more time than you've got.

And I think I promised to tell you if I had any trouble with the Dowpon Bermuda grass killer that was described in the last Garden Chore article. I did in places, where I got so enthused with knocking out the grass that I went over it more times than was necessary. The ornamentals in several cases got pretty sick. I've snapped them out of it with a liquid fertilizer and acidifier, Terr-O-Vite, but am cautioning myself and others to just go over the grass once where ornamentals are present, even if you don't hit their bark and foliage. I tried hitting just the top blades of grass, drowning an old prostrate juniper this spring when the grass was tall and lush. So far it looks pretty good. Parts of the old juniper are peeking through, alive, and the grass is continuing to die. It was Kikuyu.

Have you noticed some groups of leaning cocos plumosus palms around the city? My boss, Walter Andersen, has been trying it for Hawaiian atmosphere and I've heard people asking if it could be done. Looks pretty good so far.

Going back to the first of our article, the seeds you should list in August for fall planting include sweet peas, stocks, snaps and pansies; and peas, head lettuce, cabbage, broccoli, carrots and turnips.

Del Mar Fair

For Garden enthusiasts, the Horticulture Section of the Fair, is always a "must." This year, a considerable area was revamped, giving more space for garden exhibits, cut-flower and amateur arrangement displays. The latter department was still too crowded. It would be nicer if the top six in each category were kept, and the rest removed.

There were some excellent exhibits by local nurseries, with some very good entries by new firms, though we missed others. Congratulations to Hazard Products Inc. for their fine service to the garden community in sponsoring the soil-testing service under that able expert, Plant Dr. Atkinson, himself. And was he busy!

The little tram that used to convey visitors around the grounds was sorely missed by weary people, who only had one day to see the show. Those who like to see the Fair early, wish that everything would open at 10:00, or that the whole show would wait for a gate entrance at 11:00 a.m.

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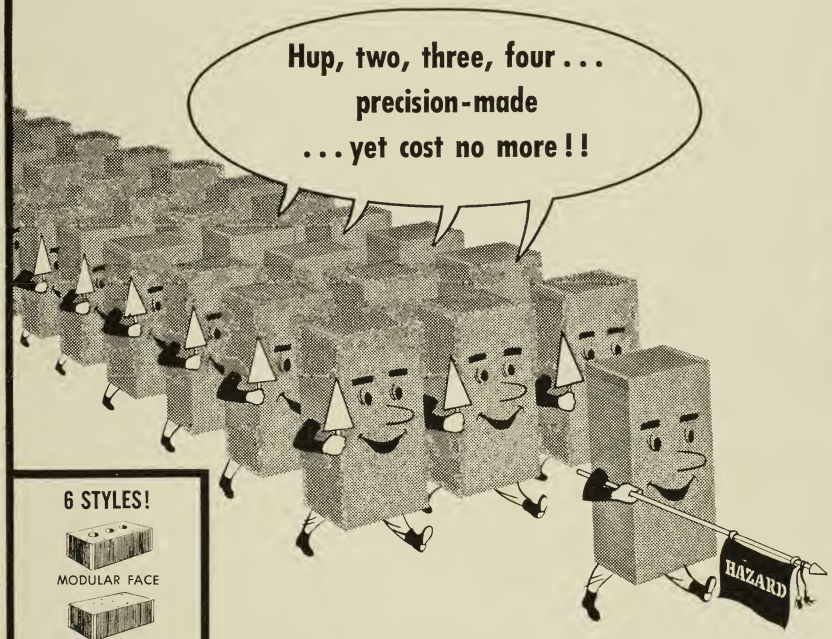

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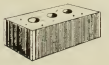
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